

An Affair at
Rose Manor

By Donald Allan

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Miss Mellicent Davis, daughter of the widow Davis, of The Beeches manor house, had lived twenty years without in the least suspecting that she was a born artist. She became aware of it at last through her mother. She made a little crayon sketch of the creek and the bridge below the house, and the mother had scarcely glanced at it when she said:
"Well, this settles it. We will sell the place and move into the city where you can attend an art school."
The daughter hesitated until she had made another sketch—this time of an old stub in a field with a woodpecker grubbing at it in search of breakfast. Then the mother said such talent must be cultivated, no matter what the cost—the cook said that the woodpecker looked as natural as an old hen, and the hired man said that any one who took that old stub for a weeping willow would have to settle with him.
"You go right over to Rose Manor tomorrow morning and put the property in the hands of a real estate agent," commanded the mother. After that, the thing was looked upon as good as settled. America was sighing for more landscape artists, and she should have at least one recruit.
Miss Mellicent had an electric runabout. It was brought out for her next morning and she started for the village of roses. She remembered having seen a very small real estate man and a very large sign on a street corner, and she decided to call upon



Looked at the Creek That Needed Another Twist

him first. If he said that manor houses were a little dull in the market just then she would call on a bigger man with a smaller sign.
She was making good time over the smooth lake, and wondering whether to ask \$10,000 or \$15,000 for the property when the unexpected happened.
Mr. Eugene Bamford had returned from Europe. He was fairly rich and fairly lazy. He was not an artist, but he knew when his coat set well. He did not know a woodpecker from a robin, but he could run an automobile just then he was visiting a sister at Rose Manor and driving himself around the country more or less. He was out on this morning. He thought all the rest of the United States was sitting in its back doorway, and in making a turn in the road he did not decrease speed, and he did not consider his right hand side from his left.
Miss Mellicent was in a hurry to get to that real estate office. Thousands of would-be buyers of manor houses might be waiting there. She was going pretty fast when she reached the turn. She might have been on the right side or the wrong side or in the middle of the road. A good-looking young lady is always entitled to the benefit of the doubt in such cases.
Presently there was a shout from Mr. Eugene Bamford. And there was a scream from Miss Mellicent Davis. Then a turn of the wheel and both ran into the ditch and things crashed and snapped and spluttered. Both machines were damaged—hers worse than his, but no one was hurt. Mr. Bamford was gentleman enough to ask if she was mortally injured—to insist it was all his fault—to present his card—to climb the roadside fence for her hat—to declare that he would pay all damages and to ask if he couldn't take her home. His machine had lost lamps and mud guards, but was still in running order.
"I wouldn't care so much," replied the girl in a hysterical way, "but I was going to Rose Manor to sell some real estate. It may go down in price now."

"Too bad—too bad! I think I can tow your machine home behind mine, and then I will send some one to repair it."
"Yes, but I knew mother was disappointed. She said we ought to sell within an hour."
Mr. Bamford had seen several good-looking girls before. In this case, however, things were different. If they hadn't been he wouldn't have coughed and blushed and stammered out:
"Why, why, I am a real estate agent myself. If you have property to sell—that is, if you have property to dispose of—that is—"
"Why, how lucky," she replied. "You can go home with me and see mother and ask her a lot of questions. If you have enough money with you you may make a sale right off today. I assure you we are willing to take a fair price. It isn't possible that you are an artist, too?"
"Yes!" he boldly replied, though he wanted to club himself the next instant.
"You may want to change the landscape around the house, if you buy?" was suggested as they were chugging toward The Beeches.
"Yes, I have changed landscapes." "How splendid! Mamma thinks if the creek had another bend toward the house it would add to the scenery." "If so, I'll fix it. I am a creek bender. That is, I can put all kinds of twists in a creek."
Miss Mellicent was awed. She had taken the young man for a gentleman of leisure and he had turned out to be a real estate man, an artist, a landscape gardener and a creek twister. She was glad of the accident. She was glad she had not gone on to Rose Manor and dealt with the little man with the big sign.
Mr. Eugene Bamford looked at The Beeches through the eyes of a real estate man, and he looked at Miss Mellicent Davis through the eyes of a young man rapidly falling in love. He had the mother to deal with, however, and after spending an hour looking over the property and taking his departure she said of him:
"Well, Mr. Bamford is the queerest real estate man I ever saw. We have four acres here and he thought there must be nine. He at first thought the place ought to sell for \$20,000, and then came down to \$7,000. Didn't you hear him speak of the house as a Queen Anne?"
"I think the accident must have rattled him, mother."
"It was either that or he is just learning the real estate business." Mr. Bamford called the next day and brought a man to repair the runabout. He wanted to know the lowest cash price for the property; he went down and looked at the creek that needed another twist; he hunted for landmarks and looked over old deeds and by and by, he was at liberty to go at and criticize. Miss Mellicent's two sketches. He scratched his ear and looked very serious and finally asked if the creek was not running uphill instead of down. In the other he readily recognized the woodpecker as a quail.
"Can you make him out?" asked the mother after he had gone.
"Why, he seems to be a very nice man," was the reply.
"But he called that woodpecker a quail."
"Perhaps that accident broke a rib for him and he's bravely trying to hide the fact from us," replied the daughter.
In two days Mr. Bamford was back to see if those deeds again. On this occasion he decided that the creek ought to have two twists in it. He also called that woodpecker a blackbird. He thought he could pay \$17,000 cash down for The Beeches, and then spoke of buying on the installment plan. Then he sat for an hour on the veranda with Miss Mellicent and talked about books and poetry and Europe to her, and not one word of real estate. The next time he called in he made the excuse that he was just going past and thought he would stop for a moment to see if that creek didn't want as many as three twists, but he remained for two hours. At his next call he heard a voice saying to him:
"Mr. Bamford, I have heard of your mother and heard of you. You are no real estate agent."
"No, ma'am."
"You are no landscape gardener!"
"No, ma'am."
"You are no creek-twister!"
"No, ma'am."
"Then what are you?"
"Just a young man who admires your daughter, and proposes to fall in love with her, and make her fall in love with him, and then ask your consent to marry her and keep the dear old Beeches in the family."
"And impostor that he was, he won the girl in less than a year."

HAS NO USE FOR ARITHMETIC

Small Damsel Can't See That It Matters Whether She Can Count or Not.

A small Chicago damsel, being urged to study arithmetic because otherwise, when she was large enough to go shopping alone, she would not know whether she received the right change, tossed her pretty head in contemptuous dismissal of that theory.
"It won't matter whether I can count or not," she announced, calmly. "Mother always has everything charged."
This little maid at least was mental kin to that other unbusinesslike damsel who asked why a certain poor family "didn't board, as they hadn't enough money to keep house."
As an instance of the unexpected searching answers sometimes rendered by children not entirely above the suspicion of impertinence, a clerical father quotes the reply of his son to whom, at ten years old, he had forbidden membership in a boyish life and drum corps because of the lad's inability to keep calm.
"When you can control your tongue and temper," so he pressed home the moral, "I may consider it, sonnie. But at present you have quite enough fighting to do in your own nature. Don't you know that 'He that keepeth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city'?"
"Yes, father," said the boy, quietly, but with a distinct eye twinkle, "and that's why I thought I'd better try something easy, like a sham battle, first."

USE LIVE BABIES AS BAIT

Only Thing Certain to Lure the Crocodile and Everybody Uses It Says Sailor.

"Wot do ye think, said the sailor, 'of usin' live babies for bait?' We done it in Ceylon."
"Babies for bait? Fishing for sharks?"
"No, crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile and everybody uses it. Ye rent a baby down there for two shillings a day."
"Of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't as cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, or else, of course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kid is simply set on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream; and the hunter lies hid near them, a sure perfection."
"The crocodile is lazy. He backs in the sun in mid-stream. Nothin' will draw him in to shore where we can bot him. But set a little fat, naked baby on the bank and the crocodile soon rouses 'im. In he comes, a grubby loon, in his dull eyes, and then we open fire."
"I've got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a morning's fishing. Some Cingalese women wot lives near good crocodile streams make as much as eight shillings a week out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait."

Musical Baths Next

It is almost impossible to dine in any restaurant, take tea in any hotel or talk over a book in any cafe in Paris without being persecuted by the sham Tsigan band. Soon the Parisian will not even be able to have his bath in peace. When he has no bathroom at home, which frequently happens, he goes out to one of the many hot and medicated bath establishments all over the town. The proprietors of one of these, in the heart of the city, has had an alarmingly brilliant idea which he is carrying out and which will be imitated. He is placing an orchestra in the middle of his establishment, and soothing or invigorating tunes from an invisible band will penetrate into all the cabins. Probably the scheme will be developed and musical medication will be combined with bran or sulphur baths. An extra fee will insure various tunes being played, which, according to experts who have observed the effects, act either as sedatives or as tonics to the nerves.

Nightingales in Scotland

The non-appearance of the nightingale further north than the West Riding is probably due to the fact that the bird is satisfied with southern regions, and has not yet found its way northward. There seems to be no reason why it should not find suitable environment in the Scottish woods and dales from May to August, and the failure of Sir John Siodani's attempts to introduce it was probably due to his want of perseverance. Nightingales, eggs, brought from England at a cost of one shilling apiece, were successfully hatched out in Scotland by robins. The young birds, fully fledged, flew about in apparently healthy enjoyment of life, but they went in September and never returned.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

IS MOST FAMILIAR PORTRAIT

Queen of Spades is a Bona Fide Likeness of Queen Anne of Great Britain.

Do any of my readers know what is the most common and familiar portrait in the world? I heard this matter discussed the other evening with Arthur Loring Bruce in *Amateur Magazine*. One of the gentlemen was sure the Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" was the best-known portrait in the world. Another was all for Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." Still another contended that no likeness was so universally known as that of King Edward on the coins of Great Britain. I mentioned the sphinx, and somebody else mentioned the Venus of Milo. The discussion was growing warmer when a mild and callow youth chirped up with:
"You are all wrong! All of you! The best-known portrait in the world is the queen of spades."
He then proceeded to prove to us what, it seems, is common knowledge among the cognoscenti; namely, that the queen of spades is a bona fide likeness of the late Queen Anne of Britain. It seems that somewhere along about 1710 the English and European stationers fixed on the image of the then queen of England as a suitable one to inscribe on their playing cards. For 200 years, or more, her face has looked out at us, not altogether unpleasantly—particularly in bezique—from the depths of the pack. How much longer we wonder, will her physiognomy be shuffled down the corridors of time?

TRIALS OF THE DEAF MAN

Experiences Most Inconvenient When They Are Paying Some One at a Hotel.

"The time I experience most inconvenience from deafness is when they are paying some one at a hotel," said the man who doesn't hear well. "I spend more than half my time in hotels. Whenever I see a boy tearing through the lobbies and smoking room paying some one I nearly have heart failure until I find out who he wants. He might want me. Among all the guests there is only one chance in 500 that he does, still, he might, and I would never know it unless he came and shouted it into my ear. Naturally, no well-bred bellboy will do that, so the initiative of finding out whether I am paged or not devolves upon me. I stand up and block the way."
"Boy," I say, "do you want Benson?"
"J. R. Benson?" Speak loud, please, because I am deaf."
"He does speak loud. He makes a megaphone of his hands and shouts. 'No, I want Brownson,' and passes on, and we repeat another boy appears, and we repeat our performance. The whole lobby becomes interested. They imagine that I am expecting an important message. I am expecting no message at all, but the possibility that I might get one and miss it, because I couldn't hear the boy paying me causes me to make a fool of myself several times every evening."

Indolence for Wounds

Professor Reclus at the last meeting of the Academy of Medicine, of Paris said in every ambulance, train, railway station or big contract works there should be a flask of fresh tincture of iodine—one part iodine crystals to nine parts alcohol—which should be renewed every week. Paint the fresh flesh wound freely with French strength tincture of iodine. Let it dry. Then cover with aseptic cotton and bandage. On the evening of next day repeat, and bandage as before. Add thereafter paint at still longer intervals until it is not repainted for three or four days. Reclus says French tincture of iodine over eight days old is N. G. and irritating. Fresh tincture smartens only a little bit. This method is a veritable revolution to ambulance band-aid cases, for it is simply hell to the patient to clean off and sterilize a dirty, flimsy, greasy, badly mashed band, fingers at thumb. Here the iodine does the work like a flash of sunlight.

Severe on Motorists

Switzerland has long been noted for its rather severe regulations affecting automobiles, especially with regard to the crossing of mountain passes. The most drastic restrictions, however, have recently been enacted in the Canton of Unterwalden. In this section the running of automobiles on Sunday has been entirely prohibited, and even on the other days of the week they may not be run before six o'clock in the morning or after six o'clock at night. Automobiles in Unterwalden are also required to stop at designated points along the highways for the payment of a tax of two francs. The speed limit has been placed at thirty kilometers, about eighteen and a half miles per hour.

Spoken With Feeling

Greatly to the pride and pleasure of his father, Lord Rosebery's second son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, was recently elected to parliament for a division in Cambridgeshire.

During the contest, however, reference was constantly made to Lord Rosebery's opposition to the budget, which his son supported.
On one occasion the candidate was asked whether this action on the part of his father did not amount to "hitting below the belt."
"Exactly," said Mr. Primrose. "But when one's father does hit one, it is generally below the belt."—Youth's Companion.

NOTICE

To the owner of owners of any and all interest in the land herein described, and to the mortgagee or mortgagees named in an undischarged recorded mortgage against said land or any assignee thereof of record:
Take Notice that said land has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and under the mortgage thereon, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the register in chancery of the county in which the land lies of all sums paid upon such purchase together with one hundred per cent. additional thereto, and the fees of the sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice, to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description without other additional cost or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.
State of Michigan, County of Crawford.
Description, Sec. Town Range Amador Grant Parcel lying south of R. R. of S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 11 25N 3W \$1.99 1906 Amount necessary to redeem, \$8.93 plus the fees of the sheriff.
WILLIAM C. JOHNSON,
Place of business, Pere Marquette, Mich.
Dated August 20, A. D. 1942.
To Stewart Hill, Grantee under the last rec. deed in the regular chain of title, said land is hereby offered for sale.

Glenwood Vinyards Co.

growers of
CONCORD GRAPES
Manufacturers of
Pure Grape Wine
Vinyards at
Glenwood, Mich.
Storage at
GRAYLING, MICH.
This wine is made from selected grapes from our own vineyard. It is made in a perfectly clean manner. It is a good stimulant for all people. It has the proper qualities for tonic for those who need it. It is for sale in any quantities in wet counties except by the drink and is the only stimulant the local option law allows to be sold in dry counties, and in all dry counties it is for sale in not less than five gallon lots.
We respectfully solicit your trade.
Price—\$1.00—\$1.50 per gallon.
Represented by
Harvey Hill
at Miss Ballard's on Norway Street, Grayling, Mich.
Mortgage Sale.
Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, dated the 11th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, made and executed by Charles F. Dickinson, of Toledo, Ohio, to Marius Hanson, of Grayling, Michigan, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford, Michigan, in Liber 4 of Mortgages on page 581, 582, and 583, on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1909 at 8 o'clock p. m., and whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Marius Hanson to Marion R. Hay, of the City of Butler in the State of Pennsylvania, by assignment bearing date the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the said County of Crawford on the 17th day of October, A. D. 1910, at 4 o'clock a. m. in Liber 1 of Mortgages on page 8, and the same is now owned by the said Marion R. Hay, and whereas the amount claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage, at the date of this notice is the sum of three hundred six and 92/100 dollars, principal and interest, and the further sum of forty dollars as an attorney fee and costs, and the said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding in law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.
Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale, and in pursuance with the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the village of Grayling, in said county of Crawford, that being the place where the circuit court is holden in said county, on the 28th day of January, 1911, next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of the day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows: Lot No. 120 (2nd section eighteen (18) in township No. twenty-eight (28) north of range one (1) west containing twenty-one and sixty-one hundredths (21 61/100) acres, more or less, according to the Government survey thereof.
Dated this 1st day of November, A. D. 1910.
MARION R. HAY,
Assignee of Mortgage.
O. PALMER,
Att'y for Assignee of Mortgage.
Business address, Grayling, Mich., Nov. 1st.

Dr. F. E. Bush

DENTIST
Saginaw, - - Michigan
S. N. Insley, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office over Lewis & Co's Drug Store.
Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m.
Residence on Peninsular Avenue, opposite G. A. R. Hall.

A. F. Burnham M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Office next door to Olson's Drug Store.
Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

C. A. Canfield, D.D.S.

DENTIST
OFFICE:
Over Alexander's Law Office on Michigan Avenue.
Office hours 8:30—11 a. m. 1—3:30 p. m.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Pine Lands
Bought and sold on Commission.
None-Residents' Lands looked after.
Office on Michigan Avenue, first door east of Bank of Grayling.

Frank G. Walton

ATTORNEY AT LAW
Collections promptly attended to.
Offices over Lewis & Co's Drug Store.

Wm. A. Montgomery

ATTORNEY AT LAW
Grayling, Michigan.
Chicago, Ill., 79 Dearborn st.

O. Palmer

ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND NOTARY
Prosecuting Attorney for Crawford Co.
FIRE INSURANCE

The Crown Chemical Co.,

Manufacturers of
Wood Turpentine, Pine and Tar Oils,
Creosote Oils, Paints, Varnishes,
Tree Protector Lotions, Dyes, etc.
Factory, General Offices
Grayling, Mich. Toledo, Ohio.

ALPENA MARBLE & GRANITE CO.

for prices on
Monuments & Headstones
and all kinds of cemetery work.
ALPENA, - - MICHIGAN.

Temple Encampment No. 160

Meets every first and third Friday of each month.
C. O. McCULLUGH, C. P.
F. D. BORCHERS, Scribe.

Fire Alarm Calls.

Directions for turning in Alarm.
Break glass and turn the lever once around until it stops; you can only turn it one way. Do not turn in a second time, until lever has stopped moving.

Where Located

No. 19—Michigan and Peninsular Avenues, near Olson's drug store.
No. 28—Michigan Avenue and Spruce east of Court House.
No. 32—Michigan Avenue and Norway St. M. C. R. R. Depot.
No. 37—Ottawa Street, at Hose House.
No. 43—Ogemaw and Cedar streets, near McKay House.
No. 46—Spruce and Iowa streets, near Julius Nelson's house.
No. 54—Michigan Ave. and Park street, near Chris Hanson's house.
No. 55—Ogemaw and Maple streets near John Hanson's house.
No. 64—Selling Hanson Co. Planing mill.
No. 73—Selling, Hanson Co. Band mill.
No. 84—Herron, Hanson, Flooring mill.
No. 91—Railroad Reserve, south side on Electric light pole.

Never Sues Own Disgracees

Dr. Max Wolf of Heidelberg, to whom astronomy owes the discovery of the aid of photography, of 35 new worlds, has himself never seen a one of these little planets. He only looked upon the images of them discovered by him, leaving to the searchers of the "sky" the pleasure of viewing them through telescopes.

IN GRAYLING

Every Month the 18, 19 and 20th.
Office over "Lewis" Drug Store.
All Operations Painless.
All Work Guaranteed.
Saginaw office 308 Avery Building.

Bank of Grayling.

Successor to Crawford County Exchange Bank.
MARIUS HANSON, PROPRIETOR.
Interest paid on certificates of deposit. Collections promptly attended to. All accommodations extended that are consistent with safe and conservative banking.
MARIUS HANSON, Cashier.

Village Officers.

President.....John F. Hum
Clerk.....S. E. Jones Jr.
Assessor.....Fred Nartin
Treasurer.....H. Hanson
Trustees—R. W. Brink, A. Taylor, C. T. Jerome, S. N. Insley, Chas. McCullough, W. Jorgensen.

Society Meetings.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor, Rev. James Avey. Preaching, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. Epworth League, 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Presbyterian Church.

Regular church services at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school immediately after morning service. Y. P. S. C. at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Rev. J. Humphrey Fleming, Pastor.

Methodist Protestant Church.

Rev. H. Cunningham, Pastor. Services as follows: Preaching, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend the above services.

Danish Ev. Lutheran Church.

Rev. P. Kjolhede, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Biblical Lecture Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

St. Mary's Catholic Church.

Services every first and third Sunday of the month. Confession on the preceding Saturday. On Sunday, 8:30 a. m. Mass. 10:30 a. m. Mass. School at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend the above services.

Grayling Lodge No. 356 F. & A. M.

Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in the month.
Wm. WOODFIELD, W. M.
J. F. HUN, Secretary.

Marvin Post No. 240 G. A. R.

Meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month.
A. L. POND, Adjutant.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 162.

Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays at 9 o'clock in the month.
MRS. ALICE B. HUNT, President.
MRS. AGNES HAVENS, Sec.

Grayling Chapter R. A. M. No. 120

Meets every third Tuesday in each month.
J. F. HUN, Sec. F. W. TYLER, H. P.

Grayling Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 137

Meets every Tuesday evening.
A. ROBERTS, N. G.
PETER BORCHERS, Sec.

Crawford Tent, K. O. T. M. No. 167

Meets first and third Saturdays of each month.
M. BRENNER, R. E.

Grayling Chapter, O. E. S. No. 831

Meets Wednesday evening on or before the full of the moon.
MRS. EVA PHILLIPS, Sec.

Court Grayling, I. O. F. No. 780

Meets second and last Wednesday of each month.
LARRY BATES, C. R.

Companion Court Grayling No. 662, I. O. F.

Meets the second and last Wednesday each month at Macabee Hall, over H. P. Hanson.
MRS. NEIL HANSON, Sec.

Crawford Hive, 690, L. O. T. M. M.

Meets first and third Friday of each month.
EMMA ANOS, Record Keeper.